mail each a sample copy next week. Allow a few days' time for them to read the paper; then call upon them for subscriptions and book orders.

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VOL. XX-NO. 27-WHOLE NO. 1026.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1901.



hat.

After bringing in our horses we stood there in the rain until the stampeding horses and mules had been caught and secured; all the while it was raining, with

thunder and lightning accompaniments, as it rains only on the plains. After quiet was restored and we had again picketed

out our horses, we were sufficiently cooled off-most of us being bare headed, bare

footed, and in shirt and drawers—to impel us to get under our blankets. Such inci-dents were unpleasantly frequent; but as

"If you want to have a good time, j'ine

undergo worse exposures and privations than that just mentioned, such as one who has not had similar experience would not

put on dry underclothes and were com-fortably stowed in our bed again I under-

took to give my big bunkle a lecture for his recent exhibition of discourtesy and disrespect towards our First Sergeant, re-

minding him of the Captain's formur admonition that he "must respect the posi-tion if not the man." He replied: ""Twasn't his position I throwed the mallet at; it was his head. I hate to

strike a man in the dark that way, but it's the only way to even up with such sneaks, who shield themselves behind their

official position to do a private soldier all manner of dirt. That old scoundrel never

He answered "Yes" so promptly that t made me doubtful of his sincerity; so I

EXPERIENCES OF FOOTE'S COMPANY.

Capt. Foote's company and the wounded

sorry, Jim?"

By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

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Our company was unfortunate in hav-Our company was unfortunate in having for a First Sergeant a man (or
"thing," as my big bunkie called him),
who was poorly qualified for so important
a position, and who seemed to take delight in making life a burden to every
man in the company. And that the men man in the company. And that the men-retaliated whenever opportunity was af-forded goes without saying. He was a little, swarthy, shriveled-up French Cana-dian, in whose countenace the word "menness" seemed to stick out promin-

ently.

His name was Brassard, but the men
had nick-named him "Monkey," by which
appellation he was known and cursed
throughout the command. It was about the only thing that I ever knew Capt. Sturgis to do that the men could not for-give him for-appointing this despicable old wretch as our First Sergeant; but it is one of those mysteries that "no fellow the country of the country o can find out" how an inferior and incompetant soldier will sometimes worm him-self into the graces of company officers, and get promoted over men who are every way superior to him. But as the Captain had told my big bunkle on an occasion previously spoken of: "If I see fit to ap-point a jackass as a non-com. in the company, you must respect and obey him accordingly. It is the position he holds that you must respect, if not the man." So what could not be cured had to be en-

Most First Sergeants soon memorize the company roll so as to be able to call off the names at roll-call without referring to a written list, but old "Monkey" had been unable to accomplish this feat, and always had to read the names from a lit-tie roll of parchment that he carried in his breast pocket. At night he would carry a lantern to enable him to see the list.

One night at "tattoo" as he was calling the roll with his lantern held in his elbow, I happened to be in the front rank along-I happened to be in the front rank along-gide of Bill Siade, who whispered to me: "Keep your eye on 'Monkey." Saying which he took a huge quid of tobarco out of his mouth, took good aim, and threw It, hitting the old Sergeant squarely on the bridge of the nose, dividing the dose equally between his two eyes. Of course equally between his two eyes. Of course the roll-call was suddenly interrupted, and old "Monkey," cursing and howling with pain, dropped his lantern and rushed for his tent to get relief. Some of the other non-coms, made a weak effort to find out the man who threw the quid, but of course failed. As we broke ranks Bill coolly asked: "Could you beat that for a center shot?"

non-coms. made a weak effort to find out the man who threw the quid, but of course failed. As we broke ranks Bill coolly asked: "Could you beat that for a center shot?"

A stampede of our horses or mules is a misfortune much to be dreaded, whether it comes from an accidental scare or a strategical move of the hostile Indians.

Animals are liable to be seized with a sudden panic from a very slight cause; sudden panic from a very slight cause; one frightened beast will quickly comone frightened beast will quickly com-municate the alarm to a number of others, and, like men under similar circumstances, they "lose their heads," and are difficult to pacify or control. In daylight, when we can see our surroundings, it is not so hard to prevent or check a stampede, but at night the difficult is greatly increased.

While in the heart of the buffalo range there is always danger of being run into by some of the vast herds when on the run, and we have to take unusual pre-

cautions against such a possibility. When a buffalo stampede is threatening us the sentries pass the word to the guard tent, the Orderly Bugler sounds the slarm (for an alarm, the "assembly" is sounded very rapidly; for an ordinary "fall in," it is sounded slowly), the companies quickly "fall in" in front of their tents, under arms, and a company or two is moved on "double-quick," clear of the camp and picketed animals to meet the threstened

Then we split the buffalo herd as described before.

Another prolific source of night stam-

pedes among our horses and mules is the to be encountered on the plains. An un-usually keen clap of thunder, accompanied by vivid lightning, will frighten some nor-vous animal; he breaks his rope or pulls up the picket pin; the adjacent animals join in the panic; if the ground is soft, as in rainy weather, the pins are easily up, and away they go flying b camp and communicating their fright to others.

fright to others.

On an alarm of stampede, when we suspect that it is caused by Indians, after falling in, we "break ranks," and, as directed, each man runs to his horse, if he can find him; pulls up his picket pin and "leads into line" in front of our tents. It is dangerous work when a lot of loose horses are running among the others in the dark, with ropes dragging and picket pins flying in the air. Our ricket ropes, or lariats, as they are more often called, are usually about 25 or 30 feet long, of three-quarter-inch rope.

One night during a thunder storm, while my bunkle and I were lying on our blankets in our tent listening to the thunder and rain, and congratulating our-selves that we didn't happen to be on guard that night, the bugle suddenly rang out clear and shrill the rapidly-sounded

"assembly."
We used copper bugles then, which gave a louder, keener sound than the brass

rumpets now in use. On account of the warm weather many of us had taken off our outer clothing, and were lying on top of our blankets in shirt and drawers. The rapidly-repeated commands of "Turn out! turn out, here, quickly men, and fall in!" passed along the line of tents by hurrying officers and non-coms, admonished us that there was no time to put on clothes, not even a pair

Quickly belting on our pistols and car-Quickly belting on our pistols and car-tridge-boxes and grabbing our Sharp's carbines (we usually left our sabers at-tached to the saddle, as they are a great encumbrance to a dismounted man), we bolted out in the rain, fell into ranks, and

were then ordered to "break ranks," bring in our horses and "lead into line." Just as old "Monkey," who was stand-ing a few steps in front of us, bad given these orders and we were breaking ranks. lightning I saw him looking at old "Monkey" as though getting his range, and then
in the following darkness he let drive at
the Sergeant with the mallet. We then
ran for our horses without knowing
whether it was a hit or miss, but heard
the old rascal splutter out. "What's dat?
Who trow'd dat club?" And on looking
what hack the next flash of lightning revealed

mules tail towards the sick man, and the rear mule's head, each mule working between shafts. Then a man was detailed to lead each mule by the bit.

In this way the little command started on its march for Fort Kearny, not knowing where or how far the Fort was, but

ing where or how far the Fort was, but rightly judging that a Northeast course would surely bring them to the Platte River somewhere near Kearny.

Instead of striking the Platte near Kearny, Foote's command bore too far to the East and struck the Little Blue some distance Southeast of the Fot. Crossing the Blue, they found the Salt Lake road, which they followed back to Kearny.

Kearny.

They suffered somewhat for food, for the first few days, but soon reached the buffalo range, and from that time had plenty of buffalo meat, but nothing else.

After a long and tedious trip in the broiling suns of August, they finally reached the Fort, very much exhausted, but without the loss of a man.

They brought through the Cheyenne prisoner captured by some of our mea in

prisoner captured by some of our men in the fight, and he, with the one taken by the train men, was placed in the guardhouse at Kearny.

EN ROUTE TO "AMERICA."

the cavalry."

Although a boy who had been used to the comforts of a pleasant home, I found a fascination in this rough frontier life We now joyfully took the back track for "America," as the boys called the set-tlements, each one promising himself a jolly time when he got back to "God's that is hard to account for. From being a delicate lad, as I was when I enlisted, I was now getting to be healthy and tough and could stand more hardships than the

Country."

The orders we had received to return to Fort Leavenworth, also included an order that Maj. Sedwick should divide his command on entering the Kansas settlecommand on entering the Kansas settlement, sending a company to each of several towns mentioned for the purpose of guarding the polls in certain voting and th guarding the polls in certain voting pre-cincts where elections were about to be held.

stouter-looking men.

In thinking since of those old-time hardships the thought has often occurred to
me: "One never knows, and wouldn't believe, until he is put to it, how much he
can endure, and not only still live, but
suffer no injury beyond temporary discomfort." We often afterwards had to
undergo worse exposures and privations The soldiers were ordered to be sent to those towns where there was a proba-bility of a disturbance between the Prohas not had similar experience would not believe that a man could endure and continue in good bedily vigor, and come out of them without any injury to health. At such times I never failed to think of the comfortable home I had given up for this kind of a life, and invariably arrived at the verdict, "Serves me right," but always winding up with the gritty determination, "I'll never squeal. No one shall ever know how badly whipped I am."

After the alarm was over, and we had not on dry underclothes and were com-Slavery and Free State men, to peace between the opposing factions. Each party was struggling for the su-premacy in "Bleeding Kansas." Every one went armed and fights between the

Pro-Slavery and Free State men were of ommon occurrence.

The first settlement we struck on the

The first settlement we struck on the road to Leavenworth was Maryville, on the bank of the Big Blue River. Tais town consisted of a store, a blacksmith shop, and three or four dwellings.

From here we began scattering the command, each company going to whatever town it was assigned to, my company (E, Capt. S. D. Sturgis), going to Atchison, on the Missouri River, 25 miles above Fort Leavenworth. Maj. Sedgwick accompanied us, as he had been messing with the officers of Co. E. all summer.

We camped at Atchison several days, until the election was over, and then moved on into Fort Leavenworth, and into our old company quarters.

our old company quarters.

The command of Lieut.-Col. Jos. E.
Johnston arrived about the same time from their expedition for surveying the Southern boundary line of Kansas Terri-

manner of dirt. That old scoundrel never lets a chance slip to give me a dig some way, and if he don't let up on it I'm going to make it lively for him."

"That's all right." I replied, "but I don't want to take any chances on your wrecking your prospects for promotion. You know I've been running you for "Lance Corporal," and if I can get you appointed to that exalted position I'll be tory, from west line of Missouri to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. This was all Kansas Territory then; Colorado had not yet come into existence. Col. Johnston had been engaged in Col. Johnston had been engaged in superintending the survey all Summer, and had successfully completed his task. It was something like coming home to us, to get back to the Fort. In a few days after our arrival, the Paymaster, Maj. James Longstreet, afterwards famous as a rebel Licutenant-General made his appearance and paid us off. We had the usual amount of drunkenness, describers courterwards etc. and then things tions, court-martial, etc., and then things seemed to settle down to a more business-

like basis.

Gen. Longstreet, now 78 years old, is (1901) living in Washington, enjoying a pension of \$50 per month, granted him by the 56th Congress, for service in the Mexi-

nquired: "Sorry for what?"
"Sorry I missed him."
I clearly saw now that Jim was an uncan War. I am sorry to have to record that among those who deserted was my little hero, Rollin M. Taylor (or Marshal), who killed the big Indian in a single-handed fight at the battle of Solomon Fork. I never saw repentant rebel still—a hopeless care—and his loud snoring a moment later convinced me that he was not much interested in my intercession for the old Ser-geant and neither was I. or heard of him again from that day to

this.

Peter Robinson, the Scotchman, who rolled off his horse when the charge was made at same place, to keep out of the We had heard nothing till now of our wagon trains or of Capt. Foote's com-pany of infantry, that we had left in the little breatsworks on the battle field at Solomon's Fork, and they had heard nothfight, also deserted.

THE KANSAS TROUBLES.

seemed to me that Kansas, about this time, had no regular day for elections, but that each precinct held its election when the voters got ready, or "when the sign was right."
It was claime was claimed by the Free State men

men left in his charge, had a hard time of it until they reached Fort Kearny.

The next day after our command left them, they were attacked by a party of Cheyennes. The Indians soon found that they could not make anything off the men they could not make anything off the men withdraw with the country of th that this gerrymandering was done in order that the Pro-Slavery, or Border Ruffian element could move their imported in their breastworks, and so withdrew, but carried off the little bunch of beefvoters from one voting precinct to another



cattle we had left them, their sole sus tenance.

The loss of his beef supply compelled I noticed my bunkie, Cupples, step buck to the tent door and pick up a heavy mallet (used for driving tent pins), saying to me in an undertone as he did so, "That's too good a chance to lose." I didn't know what he meant, but by the next flash of lightning I saw him looking at old "Monley" as though setting his range, and then

WHAT DID YOU KILL MY SHEEP FOR? moving about over the Territory of Kan-sas, guarding the polls at elections in different parts of the country.

We were not allowed to remain in our comfortable quarters but a few days, till

riety, were James H. Lane and John Brown (Assawottamie Brown, so called from the name of the place of his resi-Assowattamie, is a combination of the

Assowattamie, is a combination of the names Osage and Pottawottamie, from its being located in the fork formed by the junction of these two streams.

Jim Lane afterwards became U. S. Senator from Kansas, and finally committed suicide by shooting himself, at Leavenworth, during the war.

Every one knows what became of "John Brown's body," and that "his soul is marching on."

marching on."

As we passed through the town of Lawrence, on our way to Lecompton, a huge hole in the brick wall of a house there was pointed out to me as having been made by a Pro-Slave cannon-bal, in a recent fight between the contending

While camped near Lecompton some of While camped near Lecompton some of our men went out foraging, and killed somebody's hog in order to get a mess of fresh pork, something Uncle Sam never included in our rations. When it was dressed a nice piece was sent to the Captain's mess, with our compliments, and was accepted, and no questions asked. The Captain's "dog-robber" told us that the pork was highly appreciated and enjoyed by the officers, including Mai, Sedwick, by the officers, including Maj. Sedwick, who had been messing with our company officers all season. When the roast of

Major declared:
"Why, Sturgis, this is a rare treat. Where did you get it?"
"Is it good, Major?" replied Capt. Sam.

One day a farmer came into camp and reported to the Captain that come of our men had stolen all his chickens—only leaving him one old hen. "You say they left you one," asked Sturgis.

"Only one," declared the farmer. "Only one," declared the farmer.

"Well, that clears my men of the charge," said the Captain. "It must have been someone else: My men wouldn't have left you a —— feather.

A RULE FOR FORAGERS. But after "codding" the old "hayseed" n while, as the farmer offered to "tak. \$2 and call it square," the Captain puled out the money and paid it, evidently satisfied that he had had his share of the poul-

Whenever we captured anything extra in the way of rations the Captain's mess was always remembered. He never en-couraged us in such rascality as killing people's hogs or stealing chickens, but quite the reverse, often cautioning us not to do so, and warning us that any man caught committing such deprelations would be properly punished. We were thoroughly impressed with the enormity of the crime of being caught at any such naughtiness. After a peaceable termination of the

Lecompton election, we again returned to Leavenworth. Whisky was plenty and cheap at Lecompton, and before leaving there nearly every man in the company seemed to have filled his canteen for the trip, presumably to stand off the cold weather, as it was too late in the season for snake bites.

As we were marching along the first

day, Capt. Sturgis, who had dropped to the rear, came riding up, and as he passed Private Boggs and myself, who were riding side by side, he noticed Bogg's can-teen, and said: Boggs, give me a drink?"

drink of whisky, unhooked his canteen and handed it to him. The Captain pulled the stopper, turned it up and took a swallow, with a grimace returned the canteen "Hang that stuff! I've had too mu h of

that. I really wanted a drink of water-wanted to astonish my stomach, you know and I've ridden from one end of the ompany to the other, and every canteen 've struck is filled with whisky." Unhooking my canteen, which was filled with water, I reached it to him, say-

'Captain, here's water." He looked at me in apparent astonishment, and remarking: "Well, you are a rare one," and drank

squall had been narrow. They were met at the dock by Dr. and Mrs. Ashbel, and under dripping unbrellas started for the Aldine along the narrow village paths. slippery with the storm. Mr. Ashbel led heartily. After reaching the Fort, we remained only a few days, when the company was ordered down to Fort Scott to attend an

ordered down to Fort scott to attend as election there.

My horse being disabled, this time I was left behind, along with a detachment of men from several other companies who were in a similar predicament. But we did not get to enjoy our rest very long, for a demand soon came for troops to be sent a demand soon came for troops to be sent to the town of Palermo, nearly opposite St. Joseph. Mo., and as there was no other available force the different squads of footnen—that is, we horseless cavalrymen—were formed into an impromptu company, under command of Lieut. Thompson, of our regiment, and marched to Palermo, and to put our commander on an equal footing with his men, Col. Sumner, who was in command of the Fort, made him go afoot. We made the distancint wo days—nearly 80 miles—pretty good in two days—nearly 60 miles—pretty good marching for men who were unused to

"mud mashing."
(John A. Thompson, native of Ohio. appointed to the army from Virginia, in 1855, as Second Lieutenant, 1st Dragoons, transferred to 1st Cav. the same year: served through civil war; rose to rank of Major, 7th Cav.; murdered in 1857, near Fort Mason, Tex.—Ed.)

and she shook the good dominie until he staggered.

"You see, madam, we don't know—we have done all we could, but the uncertainty is—terrible!"

"Mrs. Ashbel!" cried Mrs. Keep. blocking the middle of the path that bore the name of the saintliest Bishop America ever knew and which was entered upon the maps of the settlement as an avenue, though it hardly afforded room for two columns of pedestrians to pass each other, "Mrs. Ashbel!" she screamed into the tiny sound-gatherer that the little lady CHEAP RATIONS. On the return trip we camped one night at Atchison, and as we were getting hun-gry for some fresh meat, I took my pis of and struck out into the timber to hunt a hog. I came across a sheep and whacked him down, and was busy skinning it when the owner, a farmer, walked up and

demanded:
"What the --- have you been killing

"What the — have you been killing my sheep for?"

Nothing abashed, I answered:
"Mister, I'll kill any durned sheep that tries to bite me!"
"O! thunder," he replied; "It's no use talking to you. I'll go up to camp and see your commanding officer about it."
And off he went and reported me to Lieut, Thompson. Soon a Corporal and file of the guard were sent out to arrest me, and I was marched up to the Lieutenant's I was marched up to the Lieutenant's

I was marched up to the Lieutenant's tent.

"Well, Peck," said Thompson, "This man says you've been killing one of his sheep. How about it?"

Looking very indignant, I answered:

'Lieutenant, is a man supposed to stand and let a sheep bite him?'

Thompson couldn't keep from laughing at my impudence, but said:

"That's a good joke, but won't save you, young man. You will have to pay the man for his sheep, or be punished for it."

"How much is your durned sheep worth?" I demanded of the farmer. "Well, I won't charge you anything for that one, if you'll promise to let the rest of them sheen." of them alone.' "Done! It's a whack!" said I promptly, come, boys let's go and get that meat on to cook for supper."

We sent the Lieutenant a good hunk of it, and it wasn't refused.

(To be Continued.) EDITORIAL NOTE .- OF Treoper attends a few more elections, bad news comes in from the West, and "boots and saddles" is again

## MORE NEW FROM WINNERS.

the more guesses they will have for the thing, should be convinced. May contest. The club-raiser gets four may contest. The club-ruiser gets four guesses for every dollar he sends in. A club of moderate size gives him 100 clive, writes as follows: "Check received, for which accept my sincere guesses. If he would then take Comrade thanks. In the next contest you can Prentice's "system," as given below, he would hardly fail in winning a prize. If he has still more guesses he is surer of he has still more guesses he is surer of he has still more guesses he is surer of he has still more guesses he is surer of the war have been engaged in the it, and might reasonably hope to strike pine forests of Michigan and Minnithe "bull's eye" which is a sum, this time, well worth working for.

We have acknowledgments from most of the winners, but some of them promise of the winners, but some of them promise where we fought our first battle—fuller reports and pictures, which we will sive later.

As we expected, we learn that Comrade

Jos. Dissier, of the Soldiers' Home,

Online 11. Quincy, Ill., winner of the \$500 prize in on the field. Then on provest duty until after the fall of Corinth. Then the February contest, is disappointing his correspondents. There are two reasons why he is a bad correspondent. First, he does not write, and second, he seems to does not write, and second, he seems to be very careful of expenditure-a commendable trait in an old man. Those who "If you enjoy it, eat hearty, but ask no questions. That's the way I do," answered the Captain, and the Major took

Comrade Dissler possibly expects them to do not inclose stamp for return postage Comrade Dissler possibly expects them to inclose something also for the paper and

> Possibly, too, he now holds in contempt all who doubt the fairness of these contests. We confess to sharing this last sentiment ourselves. We believe no hon-



JOHN BOYD, winner of sixth prize.

first thing Mrs. Keep said, when, wrap-ped in her mackintosh and sheltered by

the whole of the myopic doctor's um-brella, they had gotten well under way

wondering why especially learned people were always absent-minded. "I trust

"We cannot tell; that is-we-we still

have hope, you know," said the distracted Doctor. "You-ah-you must not take too dark a view of the situation, Mrs.

"Too dark a view! What do you mean.

Keep.

Comrade Orlando F. Harkness, of

sota. My military service was as follows: Enlisted at Weyauwega, Wis., September, 1861, in Co. B, 14th Wis. Vol. Inf. Proceeded to St.Louis, and from there to Pittsburg Landing,

three months.
I re-enlisted in February, 1863, and

took a 30 days furlough. After which we joined Sherman at Chatta-nooga and started for Atlanta. Want of space forbids details of this cam-paign. To save the students of the his- [\$2,400,000. So I scattered my guesses bepagn. To save the students of the history of the war the trouble of contradicting me at this point, I will say that my regiment really went on the Red River Expedition, except the detachment of about 100 men who went with Sherman per of the sixth prize reknowledges re-

as far as Atlanta.

After full of Atlanta we re-joined regiment at Nashville. Fought in battle of Nashville, and gave old Hood a long chase through Tennessee. Then down to New Orleans: then to Mobile, where we helped to fight the last battle of the ways the tenter to Mobile. of the war; then to Montgomery, where we remained about three months; then back to Mobile, where I was discharged N. Y., not the Sist, as printed by mistake Oct. 9, 1865. I was then engaged in Freed-man's Bureau for a time, but arrived home in Wisconsin Christmas Eve, just as my folks were putting on their things to go to a Christmas party." Comrade C. H. Prentice, Pana, Ill.,

winner of the 14th prize, writes as fol-lows: "Permit me to express my appreciation of your generosity to old com-rades. In May, 1864, at the age of 17 I enlisted at Lebanon, Ill., in Co. H, 142d It enisted at Lebanon, ill., in Co. H., 142:1
Ill. Inf.; discharged at Chicago in October, by reason of expiration of term of service. Picket duty near Memphis and a few weeks in Missouri on the occasion of Prices' last raid—simply this and nothing more is my military record. I am proud, however, to have borne even a humble part in the creat structle. ble part in the great struggle. After the war, on a farm near Mattoon for 10 years; then here, on the farm, in school-room and behind the counter. While I have not achieved success financially I have ordeavored to live worthily and eat

ordered expanse which was usually a neat

sent to Buffalo for some spoon-oars, be-cause none o' mine suited him. He's a

my opinion, gentlemen, that you could no more drown them two than you could a

"You see—her mother came by the evening train," said Dr. Ashbel, in a troubled voice.

"She needn't be a bit disquieted," an-

born waterman, in a boat or out

pair o' muskrats.'

Brabble.

By ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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When Mrs. Keep and Mr. Bettson arrived at Chautauqua about half-past eight o'clock that evening, it was amid the inconveniences, merely, of an ordinary Summer thunder shower, for the path of the

the way with Mrs. Keep, and Mr. Bettson their feet beneath the electric lights, followed with the pastor's wife, and for once in her life Mrs. Ashbel's tongue was still.

"How is Margaret?" was naturally the "Yes," said the man at the rowboat float a little anxiously, surveying the dis-

toward a place of shelter.

"We have had a terrible storm," he began with beating heart, and as Mrs. Keep thought, with a good deal of irrelevancy.

"So it seems," she said, pleasantly, sent to Buffalo for some spoon-oars, be-

man?' cried Mrs. Keep, stopping and clutching the Doctor's arm. "What do you mean, Mr. Ashbel? Is Margaret ill?" and she shook the good dominie until he staggered.

est possible confidence, we haven't been able to hear from them since. Very naturally we are—er—much slarmed—though

that is not what kept Margaret coming and the young lady 's most his equal, to meet her mother?"

In the entertainment afforded by the reports of winners, Comrades should not forget that the new contest is coming on, and above board, even those whose suspand that the sooner they start the club picious natures lead them to doubt everythe more guesses they will have for the thing, should be convinced.

In making guesses I carefully considered the receipts of previous Mondays. It seemed to me these indicated that the receipts for Monday March 25, would not fall below \$2,000,000, nor rise above



O. F. HARKNESS, winner of ninth prize,

Comrade John Boyd, Defiance, O., win-ner of the sixth prize, acknowledges re-ceipt of the check and adds: "The photo I send was taken 15 years ago. I am now 64. Enlisted November, 1833; served in the 3d O. V. C.; discharged September, 1865. Since the war have always lived in Defiance County. Have no 'system' in guessing."

## RECENT TREASURY RECEIPTS.

These will show guessers how receipts run for Mondays at this time of the year: 1901.

Monday, March 11......\$2,723,632.74 Monday, March 18. 2,304,877.70
Monday, March 25. 2,098,450.04
Monday, April 1. 1,998,348.14
Monday, April 8. 2,712,318.86

...TERMS OF ...

## NEW CONTEST. Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for

Monday, May 27, 1901.

In the new contest \$5,000 is divided into 50 prizes, as follows: "Bulls-Eye" prize . . . . 84,000

The Summerdale First prize . . . . . . . . . 200 Second " . . . . . . . . 100 **Third** Fourth " ..... Fifth to 15th prizes, each . 16th to 25th " 26th to 35th " 36th to 49th "

We will award \$4,000 cash to any subscriber, club-raiser or book buyer lucky enough to guess the exact receipts of the U. S. Treasury-hitting the "bulls-eye," so to speak-for Monday, May 27, 1901. Whoever comes nearest will receive the first prize: the next nearest, the second prize; next nearest, the third prize, and so on to the forty-ninth prize.

These guesses must be received by us on or before Saturday, the 25th day of May-

two full days in advance. The condition for entering this contest is that, during the months of April and May, you must send at least 25 cents to the paper as a subscription or in the purchase of parterre of gay skiffs, "yes, Mr. Sears had the same boat he's had every day since he stopped taking a sallboat. He ain t in prime condition, but not since I've been tions or books, you are entitled to an additional guess. a book. This entitles you to one guess. For

tional guess. Please note: All subscribers have had guesses in a number of contests. This time, the mere fact of being a subscriber does not entitle you to a guess. You must extend your subscription, or buy books, to It's the extent at least of 25 cents to be entitled to a guess, or raise a club.

The Club-Raiser: For every 25 cents you send in for subscriptions or books during the months of April and May, you are entitled to one guess. Each member of the club is also entitled to one guess for each 25 cents he spends. If a club-member does not care for his guess, the club-raiser can take that also.

Club-raisers can send in names and remittances at any time, and they will be properly credited. This contest is the club-raiser's chance. A club of fair size gives him so many guesses that he can reasonably hope to strike the "Bulls-eye."

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hand and read it over again carefully, "But this speaks of a Mr. Sears and wife!"
"Who cares, if they are only alive?"

said the Doctor.
"But—suppose it should be some other man by the name of Sears-who has a "Oh, that's not possible. There isn't any other Sears here-no other Sears missing.

"Mrs. Ashbel!" she screamed into the tiny sound-gatherer that the little lady held tremblingly up, "Mrs. Ashbel, will you please tell me if Margaret is ill or not. The Doctor is clean daft!"

"We don't know!" gasped Mrs. Ashbel. The dominie then took Mr. Bettson by the arm and led him a step ahead. "You see, Bettson," he began, hurriedly, "Margaret was out on the lake when the storm came up and though she was with—er—with someone in whom we have the greatest possible confidence, we haven't been "That we know of," interrupted the lawyer. "And they were not Mr. and Mrs. Sears, though that mistake was natural enough."
"True, they were not married,—that we

and had something to do with that—was hailed by the telegraph operator from the hotel. Anxiety for the missing had repressed her handkerchief to her eyes and wept convulsively. The others looked from one to another in double consternation. With gentle words which were not heard at all, Dr. Ashbel took her arm again and guided her unresistingly along the street. Pitying looks followed her as she passed through the patiors of the Al-

heard at all, Dr. Ashbel took her arm again and guided her unresistingly along the street. Pitying looks followed her as she passed through the parlors of the Aldine, The news of Margarer's possible loss had already spread. Mrs. Keep was given the girl's own room, and threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of sorrow. As soon as Mr. Bettson could get Dr. Ashbel to himself, he put the dominie through a stiff cross-examination, and soon had all the facts of the last two weeks at his tongue's end. Supper was out of the question. Leaving Mrs. Ashbel and the kind-hearted landlady with Mrs. Keep, the two men crossed the lawn to te office of the hotel, which is also the village beadquarters. On the telegraph bulletin were many anxious inquiries for